

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Very Latest Fancies in Fashions

New Fur Combinations Superseding Long Coats

By Madge Marvel

MANY of the new fur sets are so generous in their proportions the fur coat seems a superfluity in the wardrobe, and the suit itself becomes a minor consideration. Seal and mink are combined to make one of these garments, the stole draped quite in the effect of an Eton coat, with the long broad ends reaching the hem of the skirt in front and the little jacket-like back coming to the waist line. The body of the stole is of the seal and the edge of the mink. The mink, an oblong shape of seal, has a double ruffle of the seal at the lower edge. A similar set of broadtail has a narrow stand-up collar and edging of tailless ermine, while the mink has an ermine frill at each end. Mink and seal are used in bias strips forming the broad stole of another set, and the matching mink of the two furs has and ruffles of chiffon in the light and dark shades of the fur.

Far less expensive, and yet quite as elegant of color and equally modish, is a set of the finest pony skin in the mink effect. This is entirely unadorned and gains distinction from the shape of the mink, which is nearly square and very large.

Motoring coats are as often in one of the heavy smart woollens as in fur.



Homestead, in the mixture that shows touches of bright colors, red, orange.

A Tragedy Told in Titles

THE following short story is composed entirely of titles of novels. In the days of his vanity, Philip Methuen, the Master of Greylands, wooed and married pretty Miss Neville, the play actress. Like and unlike thrown together into the unknown world of chance matrimony. Which shall it be? Love and quiet life—disillusion, disaster, shattered hearts. Alas! family happiness too soon disappears. She, the adventuress, born coquette, singularly deluded the Master night and morning. One too many mad pranks, rooted in dishonor, suspicion aroused; my lady coquette called to account, weighed and wanting. Philip and his wife drifting apart forever and ever—self-deceived, on the way through a lost illusion, foolish marriage, to the bitter end—a silent tragedy. Time and the woman, blind fate paving the way, blotted out too soon in the midst of life the Master of Greylands. Alas! Deplorable affair, a life's mistake. List of stories used, some more than once: "In the Days of His Vanity"—Sydney Grundy. "Philip Methuen"—Mrs. J. H. Needell. "The Master Greylands"—Mrs. Henry Wood. "Wooed and Married"—Ross N. Carey. "Pretty Miss Neville"—B. M. Croker. "The Playactress"—E. Crocker. "Like and Unlike"—Miss M. E. Braden. "Thrown Together"—Florence Montgomery. "Into the Unknown"—Laurence Fletcher. "World of Chance"—W. Dean Howells.

Daddy's Goodnight Story

By George Henry Smith

MRS. SQUIRREL had just put the babies to bed for their afternoon nap when she looked out the window and saw Bre'r Rabbit skipping down the road as fast as he could. His ears were waving flippety-top in the air and his little tail was wagging just like a bird's. Mrs. Squirrel had something which she wanted to ask Bre'r Rabbit and she had been thinking of it a long time. Climbing down from the tree she said in her sweetest little voice: "Good afternoon, Bre'r Rabbit, I wanted to ask you a question." "Any catch in it?" asked Bre'r Rabbit, putting his ears forward in such a way that it made Mrs. Squirrel say: "I did not know you were deaf." "I am not deaf," replied Bre'r Rabbit. "I have to put my ears that way in order to hear all that you say; your voice is so low and sweet." This flattered Mrs. Squirrel so that she almost forgot the question she was going to ask Bre'r Rabbit, but she suddenly thought of it and said: "Oh, Bre'r Rabbit, how many feet has a horse?" "Four feet, of course," replied her companion in disgust. "Oh, no," answered Mrs. Squirrel, laughing. "A horse has six feet." Then Mrs. Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as she could and pecked out of the window of her little house. "Hey, there!" shouted Bre'r Rabbit. "How do you make it out that a horse has six feet?" "Why," said Mrs. Squirrel, laughing, "a horse has his fore feet and his hind feet—that makes six. You are so stupid you never seem to think." With that she put her head in the window and Bre'r Rabbit went sadly down the road.

"SATURATE YOURSELF WITH MUSIC"



Mme. Bernice De Pasquali

Advice to the Girl Who Would Sing

Mme. Bernice De Pasquali, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, is the only prima donna that famous organization has ever had whose musical education was gained entirely in the United States. Mme. De Pasquali comes of old New England stock, having been born in Boston. Her maiden name was James and she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

BY MME. BERNICE DE PASQUALI

DEAR Girl Who Would Sing, out of my experience I have been asked to say something helpful to you and all your sisters in whom I have a genuine heart interest, born of the fact that I, too, was once a Girl Who Would Sing.

Most of you are hoping for a future in grand opera. It is the right goal for all of you who have the ability, the ambition and the will to work. And that is the first and most important advice I can give you—work! There is no short cut to singing success. Persistent hard work is the only sure way.

And, to be quite honest, it is not the way of modern fancy. The girl of today is in too much of a hurry. She studies a few months or a year, she crosses the ocean perhaps, and then she wants to jump into opera and have the world at her feet. The success of the mushroom voice is the phenomenal exception.

The old-fashioned way of long, earnest, constant study is the only sure way. Begin by becoming a good musician. Gain musical culture. Develop musical intelligence. And all the time develop your voice. A few notes, no matter how wonderful, do not make a singer. A few pretty songs, charmingly rendered, do not make a singer.

Learn the modern operas. Pound away at exercises. I sing the same exercises to-day that I sang when I first began to study. It is the only way to keep the voice in condition. A delightful young woman with a voice of promise called on me. I was practicing exercises. Her expression was something between amazement and amusement. "Why," she exclaimed, "do you still do those exercises? I am all through with them."

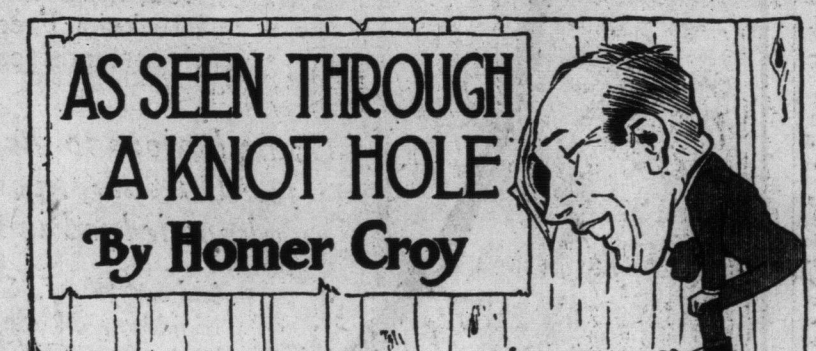
That is the trouble with many of you girls. You get through with your work too quickly. A singer's work is never finished till the last song is sung. The quickly trained voice does not last. Many promising voices spring up and disappear for lack of training.

Patti and Sembrich are wonderful examples of the old school—the school of hard work. I don't believe either of them have "got through with their exercises." Girl Who Would Sing, I would have you analyze yourself. I want you to be sure that you have the ability to justify your ambition. Strip your career of all its glamor, close your ears to the praise of admiring friends and adoring relatives and ask yourself the question, "Have I really a voice if I give up my life to making one?" Many an aching heart would be avoided.

ed if girls would clarify this point before they try for heights they cannot reach. For the singer must be a slave to her art. It must be her life. She must be willing to work for it, to sacrifice for it, to look forward to a lifetime of study.

Don't feel that you must rush away to Europe. There are splendid musical opportunities in America. They are growing better all the time, just as more and more good voices are being developed in Americans. Get your firm foundation here. It takes time to find out if you are really intended for an artist. Sensational artists are so few! It takes time to learn to read—and the singer who is not a good reader is pitifully handicapped. Read, think, study, practice, hear all the good music and the great singers you can, study them, saturate yourself with music. Then if after four or five years you are convinced you have a future go abroad.

The two chief advantages of being in Europe are hearing great singers in great operas for a little money and being in the wonderful musical environment. So, Girl Who Would Sing, if you are sure you have the ability and the willingness to work, I say DO IT. And may all fame, glory, happiness and fortune be yours. The singer who succeeds earns all she receives.



AS SEEN THROUGH A KNOT HOLE

By Homer Croy

Up In the Air

WE see by the papers that another French aviator has been dug out. If we wanted to pull down the front blinds and go to the everlasting Final Game, we would apprentice ourselves to an aviator. Personally, we have no desire to sit on the everlasting bleachers and eat eternal peanuts. Some way or other, flying has never had an irresistible attraction for us. We have fought it off with remarkable success. If we wanted to give up writing this series of articles, so that the job could never be on flying machines and go to Dayton. We are going to wait until this new invention to make flying machines absolutely unappealing if perfected before we flit with the birds. We wouldn't want to go up in a gracefully curving biplane and come down in a straight line; we wouldn't want to go up a

TONGUE TWISTERS

Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly half a dozen times in succession: Six thick thick sticks. Flesh of freshly fried flying fish. The sea ceaseth and it suffoeth us. High roller, low roller, rower. A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box. Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared six sickly silky snakes. Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum swan. It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam, 'tis all a shame, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam. A growing gleam growing green. The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms. Susan shines shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

SAID BY WISE MEN

Humility is to have a right estimate of one's self.—Spurgeon. Our cares are the mothers not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys, and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—Stimms. The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Staël. In this great society wide lying around a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense.—Emerson. When certain persons abuse us let us ask what kind of characters it is that they admire. We shall often find this a most consolatory question.—Colton. As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous is most pliant and courteous in his behavior to his inferiors.—Fuller.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Head Aches; Nature's Cure the Best

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

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HAVE you ever stopped to think of your own head? Do you realize that as long as you are well you do not know that you have a head? The trite expression, "you would forget your head if it were not on your shoulders," has more than a modicum of truth in it. Indeed, any one who remembered his head would be "a little, old sick man," or woman. It is the province of health to have you innocently unconscious of all of your bodily tissues. Some savants even go so far as to say that egotism, or self-consciousness, though it be present only in actors or children, is nevertheless a pathological, or "ill" condition.

Be this as it may, the head is the dome of thought and, as the poet spake, "the palace and whether this cock-loft is full of fodder or empty, it is an absolute necessity as far as health, wealth and happiness are concerned. No head that intrudes itself upon you, even though it be on your own neck, overflowing with wisdom or only full of homely experience, is a pleasant companion.

To have a "katzenjammer," a "neuralgia," a "bursting head," "migraine," or one of the other fifty-seven varieties of throbbing temples is a sign of some deeper physical disorder, some infraction of the laws of your tissues, the suspension, perhaps, of regular healthy habits. Briefly, then, headaches are caused by overeating, late hours, loss of sleep, change of routine, excesses in play or work, and do not overlook the more important ones—tumors of the brain, the onset of typhoid fever, pneumonia and a host of ailments due to those scourges, the microbes of disease.

Signs of Danger "Acetophenetidin," "antipyrine," "acetanilid," and a host of other such pain relieving and fever reducing medicaments remove the pain at once and thus create a great vogue for patent Headache cures and "morning-after" doses. Persons who imbibe them are like the live chess figures in "In a Looking Glass," they believe that they are doing something and getting somewhere, because they feel better. As a matter of fact, they are going backwards all the time.

The safe, sane and sure way to treat any headache, irrespective of its mild or malignant origin—and many headaches are due to serious internal troubles that require skilled medical attention at once—is to take a large potion of some active water and

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygiene and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest, letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Willie Rites on Treez



FAMILY trees ar suthin yew'r fathers an mothers hide in sos yew can luk em up with yew'r maws ances-tors on em side makin faces at yew'r paws folks on the uther side. Paw sez to maw the uther nite I gess Ie luk up my family tree an maw sez wots the matter with it dew yew think thares a hornets nest in itt an paw sez no but Ie jest like to hav it trimmed up a bit an maw sez I gess yew'r family tree was a little bit shady wuznt it an paw sez it aint a chestnut tree like yew'r familys maw comin bak with Ie rather hav a chestnut tree than a slip-ury elm tree or a crabb bapple tree like yew'r Sum family treez have sum awful limbs in em an I gess thares wum kids are such blokheds thare family treez wuz made of wud Ie neverr bothur about havin my family treez loked up as mebbe some of mi ances-tors wot mite be ann awl rite gey woulde wanter be caup up inn the tree. Dogs has family trees tew butt thes are cawled peddegrees. A dogs family treez bark is worse than its bite. Ie got wun of them nu collies does. It sleeps inn the cole bin. I cawl him I burd dog caws he flies at peepul. Eny dog wot has a gud peddegree dont hav to ware his fathers pants. I gott a munkle who is a healthy kermle an I sent him a dog for a burd da present. It wuz a water-spaniel as he got so ar rote to paw an ses yew otto no bettern to send ennyboddy in Kestutly a water-spaniel so I gess heud chop me out of his family tree. Evry time yew git married or yew'r brothers an sisters git apliced thare wum makes the knots in a family tree. But for role usefulness I soler thes Christmas treez has itt awl over thes family treez. WILLIE JONES.